PZ
8
.3
.H432
P

FT MEADE
GenColl

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

THE PUG FAMILY ENTERTAINS

AND OTHER STORIES

THE PUG FAMILY ENTERTAINS

and Other Stories

BY

FRANCES LOUISE HEROY

Author of
"Dollikin's Party"
and other stories

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK
CUPPLES & LEON

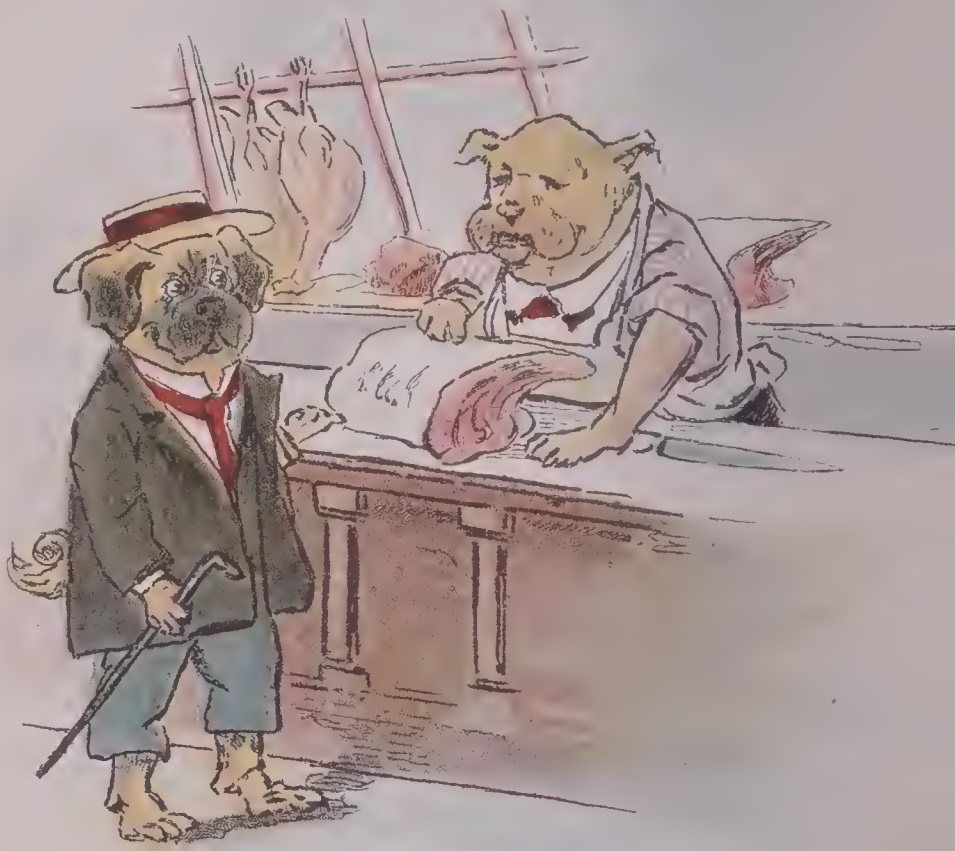
PZ6
.3
.H43
P

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
JUL 26 1905
Copyright Entry
May 9. 1905
CLASS a XXc. No.
116445
COPY B.

COPYRIGHT 1905
BY
CUPPLES & LEON, NEW YORK

THE PUG FAMILY ENTERTAINS

MR. PUG put on glasses and
looked very wise;
A letter, for him, was quite a
surprise.



"DEAR MR. PUG: I am coming to dine.

Yours very truly, G. Whiskers Vantine."

NOW how they must bustle and
hustle and run,
Or never in time would that din-
ner be done.

MISS PUG made a pie, Mrs.
Pug swept away
The dust that had gathered for
many a day.

PUG went to the Butcher and
bought a fine roast,
And spoke for a Turkey and quail
for their toast.

THEN away to the barber's for
a shave and a curl.
Not a cent did he pay, he was in
such a whirl.

HIS wife and his daughter were
dressed very fine,
When the bell rang exactly one
quarter to nine.

MR. WHISKERS came in, Ah,
what shall I say?
Of such eyes and moustachios,
even to-day.
Such an elegant fellow and elegant
style
You never could meet for many a
mile.

AND "dear Mrs. Pug" he was
happy to meet
And her daughter as well so
charming and sweet.

TO Dainty Miss Pug he offered
his arm,
This elegant beau could but yield
to her charm:
For the dinner was served very
promptly at nine
And the story now ends as they
go out to dine.

HOW MR. GOBBLE WENT TO THE FAIR

HOW MR. GOBBLE WENT TO THE FAIR
(AND HOW HE CAME BACK)

ONCE on a time Mr. Gobble so gay
Decided to go to Barnegat Bay.
He packed his valise and counted his money,
But how he should go — well, was n't it funny? —
He did not know, nor very much care
So long as he safely arrived at the Fair.

BUT then, he 'd been told, 't was
considered quite fly
To ride, so he ventured a fine
mare to buy.
But 't was awful to mount so far
from the ground,
So he brought out a ladder and
stood on the round.

THEN he tried to climb up, but
caught on his toes,
His new derby fell off, he got dust
on his clothes.
He tried over again, and stepped
on his tail:
Then he stood on his head and
began to look pale.
But "do it or die" was Gobble's
old motto,
"Get on this old mare I will, for
I 've got to."

AT last he arrived on the back
of the mare,
He gathered the reins and clucked
with an air.
But the mare had decided she 'd
not budge an inch,
So he drove in his spurs and tight-
ened the cinch.

THEN that solemn old mare
just twisted one ear,
And looked at her mount with a
grin and a leer,
Then lifted her feet in a way that
she had
When she did n't feel good, but,
rather, felt mad.

MR. GOBBLE hung on, for he
felt rather scared,
The harder he gobbled the more
the mare rared,
When he heard someone say:
"Well, I thought I should die!
If he wanted to go, why did n't he
fly?!"

JUST how the ride ended Mr.
Gobble ne'er told,
To tell you my guess would be
very bold.
But I met him again, just a mile
down the pike,
And that Gobble had bought him
a beautiful bike.

AND the way that those drum-
sticks went round on the
pedals,
Would bring any man a handful
of medals.
As past us he flew over hill and
down dale
His tail-feathers spread like a glori-
ous sail.

HIS eyes goggled out, and his
bicycle-face
Showed he thought he was getting
a rather fast pace.
But how to slow up, he 'd not
heard the way,
Would he have to ride until he
grew gray?

THEN a voice cried aloud on
the foggy night air:
"I think, my fine bird, you 'll not
get to the Fair.
Your lamp is not lighted, I 'll
have to arrest you,
And at a big dinner, I think, I
will test you."

SO, alas for the bike! alas for
the bird!
This awful policeman was good as
his word.
He mounted the bike, and over
his back
Slung the fine rider in a brown
paper sack.

WHEN done to a turn, he was
laid on a platter,
And around him were gathered
judge, baker and hatter.
On poor Mr. Gobble they fell with
a vim,
And he gobbled no more, for they
gobbled him.

BOY AND JAM THE FAIRY

BOY AND JAM THE FAIRY.

ONCE on a time a beautiful jar stood on the shelf. BOY with big eyes was looking at it. Presently the cover began to rise very slowly.

"Jiminy!" said BOY. "If something is n't coming out of that jar!

Something with a yellow head and stick-pins in it—and—wings! Say! It 's a fairy, sure. See the wings and the wand! What 's that on her throat? If it is n't a big bug —looks like a beetle! Bet girls, now, 'ud squeal. Diamonds on its back. Geewhitaker!"

Presto! the jar disappears; the Fairy spreads her wings and lights close beside BOY. BOY looks down at her dainty feet. "Tooth-pick toes—the very latest, as I 'm alive!"

BOY takes off his cap and makes a bow.

"BOY, do you love jam?" asks the Fairy.

"You bet!" answers BOY.

Then the Fairy stamped her little feet; the stick-pins flew out of her hair; the big diamond beetle jumped down and crawled on the floor.

It began to grow, and grew until Fairy touched it with her wand.

"Mogul," she commanded, "carry BOY! BOY, mount the Beetle!"

BOY obeyed. Slowly the big bug waddled away. Pretty soon he began to run, and then he spread out his big crackly wings and rose in the air. BOY'S heart pounded his ribs. The big wings crackled louder and louder. Mogul turned a few of his million eyes back on BOY. "Stick on," he said.

BOY stuck on, and kept very still—and—busy. With his jack-knife he very cleverly removed a handful of diamonds from Mogul's back and slipped them in his pocket —"in case of need." Soon they came to a big glass house—Mogul tapped on the window—the window opened, and he crawled in with BOY on his back.

"Here he is," he simply said, and tumbled him off.

BOY rolled over, then sat up and opened his eyes. 6,356 boys stood around the walls, and 50 girls. "What a lot of boys?"

"Yes; and you 're another!" shrieked a wicked elf in his ear.

BOY looked up and saw rows on rows of jars, labeled JAM.

"My eyes, what luck!" BOY began to climb—thought he 'd begin in the middle and work both ways. "Jiminy! would n't he have enough once in his life!"

BOY worked off about half-a-dozen jars, then his cheeks got sticky.

Soon he was stuck on Jam—then the Jam was stuck on him! BOY wiggled and twisted, and pulled and tugged, and he only grew stickier and madder. It did n't do one bit of good.

From away in one corner came a low chuckle, then another, then a good big guffaw—"Ha, ha!—Ha, ha!"—and a Bogie appeared. The Bogie was fat. He had to be —could n't help it. Just think of the 6,356 boys he had laughed at! —for every single one of them had had his head in the Jam pot—girls, too!

Bogie was slim when he began laughing.

"BOY got his head into the Jam! Ha, ha! Good, is it! What 'll you give a fellow to get you out? Ho, ho, ho! Licking good, is it! Boy once myself! Bogie-boy! Think I 'll candy you — Ha, ha! — that 's it — preserve you — for good little boys to look at."

Then he summoned the Red Witch, the Ice Fairy, and the Chocolate Fairy. "Witch, build the fire—put the kettle on!"

Witch obeyed. BOY began to tremble. Then the fairies and Bogie took hold of hands and walked 'round and 'round the cauldron singing:

Fire, fire—burn, burn,
Fairies, Bogie—turn, turn,
Hear the witches' cat a-mewing,
While the witches' broth is brewing.
Flim—flam—flutter,
Bobble bubble splutter.

Then the Bogie called: "BOY-with-his-head-in-the-Jam-pot, come here! I think you need a new cap." The Ice Fairy waved her hand, and he began to grow chilly —very chilly—in fact, he wished for his mittens. He could scarcely wiggle his toes—he grew so cold.

Then the Chocolate Fairy touched the tip of one ear with her slender brown finger, and said: "I think he 's about right; go ahead, Bogie."

Bogie reached down deep in the cauldron, and lifted a dripping ladle of the Witch's broth, and began to pour it, drop by drop, on his head and shoulders.

"Ouch!" yelled BOY. "Ugh! (or he thought he did) I want to go home." But nobody noticed, for no sound came from the Jam-pot.

He tried to kick. He knocked his head against the Bogie's fat stomach. He stretched out his cold

hands and they caught in the Witch's hair. Then he pulled, and she screamed. Presto! they were all stuck together—Bogie, Witch and BOY. The Chocolate Fairy and the Ice Fairy just laughed—they could n't help it.

Suddenly BOY pushed one hand into his pocket for his jack-knife. He felt something sharp and smooth instead. "Great Scott! what luck! One of the Mogul's diamonds." He rubbed it between his thumb and finger.

A beautiful green and yellow light began to glow and shine all over BOY. The Jam-pot slipped off his head, and there stood his own beautiful Jam Fairy, stamping her little feet at that wicked Bogie. "She was just as mad as she could be," BOY related afterward.

What business had he to set himself up in that way because a fellow liked jam; and, worse than that, 6,356 other fellows and a few girls. My! you should have seen that Bogie, when dear little Fairy set eyes on him!

"'What ails you?' she cried. 'JAM all over your face—JAM all over your waistcoat—JAM all over your hands—*You*, *You*, I say! a big—fat, comfortable Bogie, licking Jam like a little five-year-old —Go!'"

"My! did n't he march, though? —without even a word for himself. He simply vamosed—made himself scarce—sloped!"

Every one of those boys that the Bogie had stood up around the walls, done up in chocolate or otherwise preserved or pickled, were let loose and told to go home. The Red Witch flipped her skirts through the back-door just as the last one went out.

1
5 B 9 6 4 5
2. of 2
Block - 71
G - 8

Then the dear Jam Fairy turned to BOY and said: BOY, *Jam is good!* Go home. There 's another pot on the top shelf. Good-bye!"

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

00020878423